The

COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature the Arts and Public Affairs

FOUNDED BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

Editors:

PHILIP BURNHAM EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor*

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor*

JAMES F. FALLON, *Advertising Manager*

VOLUME XXX *September 29, 1939* NUMBER 23

CONTENTS

THE WEEK 505
THREE DAYS IN DANZIG *Catherine de Hueck* 508
DECAY OF RURAL IRELAND *Alice Curtayne* 510
FAIR FEELING (*Verse*) *Robert P. Tristram Coffin* 512
AMERICA'S JAIL SCANDAL *Cleland van Dresser* 513
APARTMENTS FOR THE POOR *Barry Byrne* 515
NOURISHMENT FOR VIRTUE (*Verse*) *Frances Taylor Patterson* 516
VIEWS AND REVIEWS *Michael Williams* 517
POINTS AND LINES: *War and American Business* 518
THE STAGE *Grenville Vernon* 519
THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 519
BOOKS OF THE WEEK 520
THE INNER FORUM 524

THE COMMONWEAL is indexed in the *Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index* and *Catholic Bookman.*

Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York. Annual Subscriptions: U. S. and Canada: $5.00; Foreign, $6.00.

"Why Could Not We Cast Him Out?"

"POPE PIUS is sleeping on the floor that he may participate more deeply in the world's suffering. . . . Since his coronation last spring . . . he appears to be a changed man, looking more frail and saintly than before. It is reported he has cut his sleep to a few hours a night as a result of his almost constant prayers for peace. . . . He also was reported to be fasting." Thus a secular press service gives us a picture of the Sovereign Pontiff's distress and spiritual work to spare humanity from a continuance of that war by which "everything can be lost." Irresistibly one recalls the words of Our Lord to His disciples when they had failed to cast out a certain hysterical devil and asked Him the reason for their failure: "This kind can go out by nothing, but by prayer and fasting." Besides peace, Vatican policy seems now to be to make every effort to "localize" the struggle, both as to the number of nations and the number of issues involved; hence the anger of the *Osservatore* against Russia when she added her armies—and perhaps her ideas—to those of Germany in Poland. Said Pius XII to the new Belgian Ambassador: "We lift our prayers to God Who holds in His hand the hearts of men so that He may abbreviate the days of trial and open to all peoples, threatened by unspeakable pains, new roads to peace before the present fire is transformed into a universal conflagration." To the belligerents the Pope has addressed a strong plea that the "life, property, honor and religious feelings of the inhabitants of conquered territories be respected, that prisoners of war would not be treated inhumanely, that they would receive the comforts of religion, and that no use be made of poison or asphyxiating gases."

Prayer and Fasting

The Partition of Poland

AS WE GO to press the beleaguered Polish armies are making a brave last stand against overwhelming forces from the west and east. German-Russian partition has been announced and the end of anything but passive resistance seems only a question of days. Modern Poland was never a prosperous country, but the fate awaiting its conquered citizens is none the less tragic to contemplate. And what is in store for the 3,000,000 Polish Jews? When Russia decided to march upon a prostrate Poland from the east, the fate of 8,000,000 Ukrainian and 3,000,000 White Russian Christians was likewise sealed. It happened so rapidly that adequate relief organizations were not set up; destitute millions thus find themselves at the mercy of two ruthless conquerors. It may be many a long day before the Polish nation is reconstituted as a geographical entity. But the Polish genius will not die. The homeland of Paderewski and Madame Curie, of Saint Casimir and Saint Stanislas Kostka, cannot be absorbed by any totalitarianism, red or brown. And persecution will not succeed in stamping out the Faith which has sustained subject and sovereign Poles for generations.

Human Tragedy

A Battle, but not a War

NO GOOD propaganda method for dealing with the Neutrality Law appears possible. The objective of United States effort should be peace and justice, and the preservation of as great a part of humanity and the world as possible from the spiritual and material devastation of this war. Repeal of the embargo may very likely be simply one important step in a logical retrogression descending to American belligerence. Because this route seems far indeed from the straight and narrow path of inter-

The Neutrality Law

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

est and wisdom and charity, we oppose entering it by repeal. However, the public is being pushed into the conception that the choice is only and cleanly between war on the one hand, and isolation behind an embargo act on the other. That seems false and dangerous. The extension of the war to the suicidal world dimensions it would assume with American entry does not inevitably follow a change in our neutrality law. The changed law would not make certain and necessary a declaration of (or entrance into) war. We can stay out. Americans must guard against passive despair, and beware of taking the neutrality debate as the final battle. The struggle does not end with the decision on this law. But if the decision goes against the neutrality law, the struggle will be much more difficult. Congress should hold fast at this line.

"What Good Shall I Do?"

More about Means

TO ADVOCATE that the United States shall not deliberately risk involving itself in the second world war is not for an instant to suggest sympathy for the principle of "nihilism" which inspires both the Russian communist and the German nazi régimes. Toward this principle in any of its manifestations a Christian can have nothing but abhorrence. But that is not the question; the question is one of means. How can nihilism best be defeated? There are two schools of thought concerning the present conflict in Europe. There are those who see in the war merely another move in the game which Europe has been playing for centuries, a game involving colonial empires, national boundaries, economic and political advantages. The ideological aspects of the conflict are merely window dressing. Those who hold such views are strange bedfellows: General Johnson, Father Coughlin, Charles Beard, John T. Flynn, the Communist Party, Senator Borah, most American Catholic periodicals. . . . The other view is more emotionally appealing: it holds that England and France are fighting the good fight for democracy against black "Hitlerism" (remember "Kaiserism"?) and that, whether we want is or not, we will be drawn in, at least to the extent of helping the Allies in every way "short of war." In other words, this is a war of ideologies, not of empire, and we must give battle for the ideology we cherish. The administration seems to be in the large group of this opinion, certain radical groups and some Catholics are understandably inclined toward it. There is no doubt that this is the motive for the genuine heroism and sacrifice of millions of British and French citizens, and there is an element of truth in it. Our opposition to the point of view rests squarely on this: that even if one grants, for the sake of argument (and we do *not* grant it—Can Americans consider German empire a world-war-worse than British and French?) that Britain and France are fighting simply for human freedom, for man against all the inhuman things of which man is capable, then we believe that if we were to join with them, we would choose the wrong way to fight, morally and physically.

It has been pointed out time and again that the minute a nation engages in modern warfare, civil liberties cease. Freedom of speech, of assembly, of opinion is done away with. The hysterical cry for national unity and power becomes so compelling that "democracy vanishes; religion becomes a vast unreality; . . . political independence is rendered nugatory by dependence upon financiers and upon militarists; revolution is made much more likely; fascism enters the moment war is declared. . . ." How else, then, can Americans oppose nihilism? It is constantly alleged that the concepts of communism, of fascism, of nazism are against the nature of man. We believe this to be true. Yet the communists, the nazis, the fascists and their subject peoples are, themselves, men. Have we so little faith in our belief concerning man's nature that we think it can be endlessly denied without inevitable collapse? Neither Hitler nor Stalin have discovered the secret of eternal life in the natural order. Some day they, and their subordinates too, will die. And in so far as their ideas are against nature, nature will take care of their ideas. Else our faith is vain. Nor are we Americans the God of nature that we may take such matters into our own hands.

But this is theory and faith, "prayer and fasting." What can man do in the more strictly natural order (other than wage war) against nihilism? Ingenuity will suggest a thousand things. Man can set up counter-propagandas. This is a battle of wits, of ideas and of cleverness in "selling" those ideas. He can "passively" resist, which means everything from non-cooperation to sabotage in a country which is under the dominance of communism or fascism. Here is a chance for endless heroism and sacrifice, even of life itself. Finally those not under its dominance—particularly Americans—who would rid the world of "Hitlerism" can be true to their professions in the realm of social justice. If in the United States we seriously set about creating the best social order we *can* produce, rather than continuing one it suits our individual advantages to tolerate, there would be no convincing basis left for any propaganda directed against our democracy. Furthermore, if our political economy were genuinely prosperous and dynamic, the pressure, material as well as psychological, would be all against the "Hitlerite" and "Stalinist" systems, wherever they exist. A little reflection shows that nihilism can be fought successfully on many fronts, intellectual, spiritual, moral and material. There is only one front on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which Americans can fight it fruitlessly, and that is in the front of battle in a modern war.

Colonel Lindbergh's Radio Speech

MANY AMERICANS were decidedly upset by Colonel Lindbergh's plea for keeping out of war—a speech rarely equalled in public circles for economy of phrase, mastery of expression, logic of development. His neat historical summary of American foreign relations left little to be desired; it could hardly have pointed out our world war mistakes (which his father fought against) more unerringly. This led to an appeal for sparing the millions of American lives that might well be the cost of another venture into Old World power politics. He concluded with the opinion that a neutral America could do far more for the peace of the world and the preservation of what he conceives western civilization to be than a nation exhausted by war and blinded by hatred. Perhaps the one chink in his rhetorical armor was the way he seemed to condemn too sweepingly sympathy for other peoples when our own destiny is at stake, but even here a word of warning is much in order for Americans. One of Lindbergh's critics, Walter Lippmann, seems to have overlooked the Colonel's insistence on the necessity of impregnable national defenses. Mr. Lippmann, in fact, implies in a recent column that the United States should stand as an arbiter over European changes, and this leads him to the conclusion that the declaration of neutral intentions is a sign of national weakness and international ineffectiveness. But nowhere are the cogency and well-knit character of the Colonel's arguments more convincingly attested to than in Dorothy Thompson's highly emotional personal attack on Mr. Lindbergh. Personal vilification is indeed the only course when reasoning seems unassailable.

Neutrality Our Only Course

What's Your Public Opinion Today?

POLLS of public opinion are used in this country to influence governmental action more and more the way votes are constitutionally so used. The tendency is to make the "Gallup ballot" succeed to the hard-earned position of the "Australian ballot." For a lot of reasons we are against this evolution. In the first place, it is always possible that the sample, no matter how truly taken, may not reflect the whole. Voters who differ with the result of a particular sampling tend to feel that in this particular instance the system went wrong. Then there is the old, unsettled debate about the rôle of "the people's choice." Is he merely agent of the voters who put him in office, obligated to echo passively their majority voice day by day?

Australian vs. Gallup Poll

Opinion polls first tend to reflect the current state of mind, and immediately after publication, to influence it. They are powerful, and the more we rely on them, the more powerful. Currently Dr. Gallup is treating the war. Happily he shows that in answer to the question, "Should we send our army and navy abroad to fight against Germany?" 84 percent vote No, and only 16 percent vote Yes. Even this question assumes and propagates one debatable opinion: that the army and navy belong equally to each voter. Then there is the question about joining the war if England and France get into a position where they are being beaten. It is almost impossible to ask that question clearly. People leap between their personal desire and their expectation. The circumstances are at present by definition hypothetical and unknown. It is a dangerous question. This discussion assumes that the polls are conducted honestly and with scientific, statistical success. It might be well to insist upon a sworn explanation describing minutely the whole process of conducting each particular test, and an analysis of the meaning of the question as it exists in the questioners' minds and as it was presented to the voters.

Private Slum Clearance at a Profit

THE SLUM PROBLEM in most of our American cities involves two-family houses rather than the crowded tenements characteristic of our largest centers and discussed elsewhere in this issue by Barry Byrne. Hence the importance of the current *Architectural Forum* article on Arthur W. Binns of Philadelphia, who in the past ten years has rehabilitated 500 dwelling units, rented them at from $3 to $5 a room and made a profit of 10 percent on the operations. There are 20,000 more brick-row slum houses in Philadelphia susceptible of similar remodeling. The magazine contends that "with but few exceptions, such as New York City's Manhattan with its multi-story tenement slums, Binns's rehabilitation program is readily adaptable to every sizable city in the country." From first-hand investigation Mr. Binns himself names Baltimore, Brooklyn, Cincinnati, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis and Washington. Upon purchase his first step was to demolish backyard fences and sheds and thoroughly clean up. Then partitions were shifted to make up rentable suites. Brick walls were repointed and painted white, windows reglazed and weather-stripped; then plastering, papering and painting. Linoleum was laid in kitchens and bathrooms; there is oak flooring elsewhere. Equipment includes warm air heating with an automatic stoker, modern three-piece bathrooms and modern gas and electric equipment throughout. Mr. Binns has found that if purchase and rehabilitation cost does not exceed five times the gross annual income from rentals, other economic factors are secondary.

A Big Field for Enterprise

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Three Days in Danzig

The end of the "Free City" was foreshadowed in ominous ways the three days before it came.

By **Catherine de Hueck**

TUESDAY, August twenty-second, was such a lovely day! The sun shone on the City of Berlin so radiantly, as if it meant to coax it for a moment, a day at least, away from the Fuehrer, his mad dreams of conquest, and the pitifully hidden, yet nevertheless so very real shortage of foodstuffs. But the city refused. It did not want to notice the glorious sunshine, nor its gay reflections in the quiet waters of the shimmering canals, nor its play of shadows and light in the beautiful parks . . . it was too busy listening to the shouts of the newspaper vendors announcing the latest and incredible news of a non-aggression pact between Russia and Germany!

Little groups of people gathered at all corners discussing the staggering news; voices were raised in loud arguments in cafes and restaurants. It is no exaggeration to say that the average German, the man and woman in the street, was sorely bewildered by this change about face of their whole political outlook. They had been brought up for so many years to hate the very word "USSR" that it seemed to them incredible to have to make such a rapid readjustment. Disciplined as they are, it just did not come. One could hear it everywhere, read it in all faces, notice almost in the air.

Little homely things sometimes explain better than mighty events the feeling of people. This thought came to me as I was passing, on my way to breakfast, a little butcher shop crammed to the doors, and overflowing into the street, with tired looking housewives, who came to buy their weekly ration of meat. The butcher seemed perturbed, for before him were at the same time 50 pounds of meat and over 100 women to divide it amongst. But his worries were interrupted by a lady who excitedly started to read a newspaper with the fateful news. Immediately everyone left butcher and meat and collected around her; violent arguments, denials, astonishment were displayed all at once, until the word, "Krieg—war," was mentioned. Then a deadly silence fell and, forgetting evidently their precious meat, many wandered, slowly, with tragic faces, away from the butcher shop. . . . Important indeed is the news that will make a German hausfrau forget her food marketing these days!

But airplanes or trains wait for no man, so breakfast completed (I still would like to know what German coffee is made of), I drove to the airport. With military efficiency in a few minutes I and my scant belongings were settled in the plane and soon we were flying, it seemed into an endless blue sky, on our way to the Free City of Danzig. What a lovely word the word "free" is. Really to appreciate it one must be unable for a while to enjoy it. For ten days, I have had this privilege. Oh, outwardly all was smiles and politeness, not a ripple seemed to have marred the surface, and yet I had the strange feeling of being in a prison without bars. Letters had to be carefully worded; friends in the country advised me of it, for their relatives and friends, who could speak any foreign language, had been drafted into the service of the postal censorship, their only duty, it was said, reading foreign mail. Often in private houses windows and doors were shut carefully before a word of criticism or information was given. A general sense of fear and being on guard pervaded the land. It was difficult for me to breathe at times. Yes, the word "free" had become fraught for me with a great and new meaning.

The airplane was slowing down. Underneath us the world lay green and peaceful. In the distance the red roofs of Danzig were visible; the sky was still blue. Slowly the plane coasted on the field; another minute and we had arrived in the "Free City of Danzig."

The seven other passengers, all German officials, and myself alighted and went to the customs house where to my great astonishment all Germans greeted the Danzig officials with a most hearty "Heil Hitler." No one bothered to open any baggage but instead all seven rushed to the coffee room where for ten pfennigs (four cents) one could get a delicious cup of coffee with *cream*. I followed suit, and confess that I never enjoyed a cup of coffee so much. Ten days of drinking the mess that goes by the name of coffee in Germany had left me dreaming of this heavenly beverage . . . and now it was before me in all its glory, in company with a delicious white roll and real butter. Oh! One can appreciate both only after one has eaten strange gray bread and a chemical concoction that spreads like butter!

A taxi, a few more minutes, and I was in Danzig proper. Or was I? All around me were German uniforms, of the black corps and brown shirt

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guards. Everywhere youth, both girls and boys, were dressed in Hitler-Youth outfits. "Heil Hitlers" rained on all sides, much more so than in Berlin itself. Streamers with swastikas decorated every other building. The little town seemed full of uniforms and people hurrying to and fro. Where was the "Free City of Danzig"? All I saw in the first few minutes was a super-German town.

But once settled in an old fashioned cosy room of the Grey Sisters of St. Elisabeth, whose convent stands on the main square, I again went out and spent the whole day wandering about the gloriously old streets of the town, and slowly another impression arose. Among the uniforms, the "Heil Hitlers," the streamers and the Hitler Youth move the people, quietly, as if wanting to efface themselves. They go about their business silently. Their "Heil Hitlers" seem only half-hearted and anemic. No one smiles, and even the laughter of children is not heard in the "Free City of Danzig."

A Nazi rally

A visit to the American and British consulates brings the realization that after all the USSR pact with Germany has some personal aspects for me. Both strongly advise leaving at once. Events are rushing. Tomorrow is uncertain. Any day Danzig might be occupied by German troops. But curiosity, that feminine attribute, takes the lead and I decide to stay and see what happens. The first event is, so I am told, the great Nazi rally at the beautiful sea resort of Zoppot, a tourist mecca in ordinary times but now deserted. A street car and a bus soon get me there, for it is only twelve miles outside the city. Both conveyances are overcrowded with people wearing Nazi uniforms, armbands and various insignia. There is quite a bit of talk, all very bombastic. Poland is already being divided; challenges are thrown out to the democracies; the crowds seems to be very warlike. Youth predominates. All along the road through open windows can be seen whole families at their supper, showing no sign of wanting to join the parade.

Zoppot by the sea, a little sea-side resort with the usual Casino and Metropole Hotel, cafés and beer gardens, lies slumbering in the peaceful summer night, but it is soon awakened by the tramp of many feet; all windows are opened and filled with curious but silent local onlookers. The gardens of the Casino are soon overflowing with participants in the rally. I make my way to the press table from where I can see the whole picture, for picture it certainly is. Against the dark sea and the starry sky stand first the brown shirt guards in an immense quadrangle. Right behind them come the Hitler Youth, girls and boys in uniforms, holding burning torches that illuminate the whole with a flickering ghostly light. Next come the Black Corps and behind them the people. Of these, I estimate there were not more than 800 at best. On a platform decorated with Nazi streamers and a huge portrait of Hitler are lined up the High Commanding Personages. The whole forms a rather forboding scene when one remembers that the eyes of the whole world are focused on that tiny dot that is Zoppot and Danzig on the world's map.

Foster spoke; so did a Minister of the Reich, Frank. What they said is common knowledge in all parts of the world. I barely listened, for the speeches were arrogant and full of threats. In my ears seemed to re-echo sounds of long ago. I heard the noise of machine guns. I saw long white wards of hospitals, cries of pain, of sorrow. I heard the noiseless feet of death pass swiftly by. . . . I was back twenty-two years on the battlefields of the World War. And was here before me being enacted the first move of the next world war? I felt cold and frightened, on this warm peaceful night of August . . . August again. . . . Evidently so did the other correspondent of a Belgian paper and his wife, for we looked at each other and as one got up and moved away from the sound of the arrogant voice with its brutally challenging words.

The old fashioned room of the convent was quiet. The dying Christ on the wall seemed alive in the flickering light of a vigil lamp. Love was dying, peace was dead—Hate and Might ruled the World. When would Easter Sunday come to us again in this fear and hate-rended tiny planet? My room seemed another world, and yet I could not sleep. Getting up, I sat on the balcony, filled with boxes of growing petunias that looked fairy-like in the moonlight. Every quarter of an hour the century-old church chimes sang a song of their own, soft and beautiful. One old house, of marvelous Gothic architecture, transported me into ages long gone by. All was quiet.

But not for long. Suddenly the peace was shattered by heavy trucks manned by soldiers carrying war materials. In a long file they passed hurriedly by, leaving the echo of their noise behind, for a long time. At last there were no more, but their place was taken by soldiers, whose measured tramp spoke of war and death. For hours I sat on my balcony beholding the Free City of Danzig making ready for her future slavery of spirit and body. Finally in the early hours of the morning, exhausted, I fell asleep.

Another day. A feeling of tenseness pervaded the city. Taxies, buses are slowly being requisitioned. Butter becomes scarcer. Foodstuff begins to disappear from window shops. A feverish activity is noticeable at the railroad stations. Polish families with children and belongings crowd the ticket offices. Harassed officials are abrupt and unobliging. Rumors run wild. I decide to interview the clergy. Priests look worried but

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are so kind to me that I want to cry because I can sense that they are afraid to speak, yet would like to do so. And I am afraid to write what they said, because I too know what would happen to them if what I wrote became known to the Powers that are. And so we speak in jerky, half sentences. Perhaps it would be better to speak of what they left unsaid, of the strange interludes of silence (so eloquent that they almost shouted) with which they greeted some of my questions. For the time all I will say is, "Faithful of free countries, pray for the Church in Germany and the 'Free City of Danzig'; pray as you never have prayed before, for theirs is the coming darkness of the catacombs." Before me stood the martyrs of tomorrow, and I for one kiss the ground on which they stand! Lord, have mercy on your German children!

Swiftly the day goes by. Beauty surrounds me . . . every turn of the street a picture of gone-by centuries. The summer day is gorgeous in its fullness, and yet all in me and around me is ugliness and darkness. I am afraid with a nameless, terrorizing fear that I see reflected in the eyes of men, women and children all around me. Only the ones in uniform have a fanatic gleam which seems worse even than fear, for it speaks of madness and evil. Again a sleepless night, more trucks, more trucks, more soldiers, and finally the third day comes. I am leaving. The consul insists, and frayed and tired nerves easily agree. Quickly packed, my belongings are on a taxi. The last picture of the "Free City of Danzig" is that of a little nun standing in an old fashioned carved door waving me goodby, her eyes blurred with tears, just as mine. She seems a symbol. Poor little Nun, what will happen to you tomorrow? I can go . . . but you. You must stay!

The bedlam of the station, the mad rush to the train. No room for me and my baggage. Resignedly, I settle in the passageway hemmed in by bedding of a Polish woman, six suitcases of some commercial traveler, and innumerable packages of a young Lithuanian couple.

At last the Polish frontier and some really free air, but in an hour the formerly crowded space that was mine begins to look spacious, for the train is overrun by recruits. Poland is mobilizing. . . . Sardines in a box have more room than we had on that seven-hour journey from Danzig to Warsaw, but no one minds.

The "Free" City of Danzig is but a memory in which the beauty of ages gone by, the chimes of the church, the dying Christ in the flickering light, the little nun at the door mingle strangely with the sound of heavy trucks, the tramping of countless feet, the blood red banners with the black swastika. . . . Which will conquer in the end?

Decay of Rural Ireland

A leading Irish writer views with dread the rural depopulation of her land, and the causes behind it.

By Alice Curtayne

DURING the last few months, the Irish daily papers have raised an alarm about the rural position. Lecturers and writers have been devoting their attention to the decline in country life and the flight from the land, its causes and effects. It would be impossible to exaggerate the gravity of the situation that has arisen.

Numbers of the Bishops reverted in their last Lenten Pastorals to the same disturbing topic; a new impetus was given to it in the public mind. Here is the gloomy picture they presented:

> The one social problem which transcends all others is the progressive depopulation of country districts. A public authority can work for no worthier or more urgent end than to give our rural population a fair chance to live in decent human conditions on their farmsteads.—Dr. MacNamee.
>
> The situation is poignant; there is a religious and national duty to assist by word and deed the efforts being made by the government to staunch the bleeding wound of rural depopulation.—Dr. Lyons.
>
> I am in sympathy with the plight of the country people owing to the last bad harvest and the unusually severe winter.—Dr. Macneely.
>
> The state of farmers is almost intolerable, and unless a remedy is found for it soon, there is danger of a general breakdown which would constitute a public calamity of the gravest character. The central trouble with the farmer is the ruinous disproportion between his income and the cost of everything he has to buy, together with the load of taxation that presses upon him . . . an unhappy and most serious problem. —Dr. Fogarty.
>
> The decline in the number of children, especially in country districts, is alarming. Parishes in which there were formerly almost a couple of hundred for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> Confirmation, can now muster scarcely fifty. Already a position of great seriousness confronts both Church and state and, unless the decline is quickly arrested, the situation will soon be catastrophic.—Dr. Kinane.
>
> Planned schemes on national lines for drainage, reclamation of bogs and afforestation might avail to check the suicidal rush from the country to the towns.—Dr. Dignan.

Let us now examine the details of this picture of rural decay. It is agreed that the rapid and widespread flight from the land has three chief causes: economic, social and educational.

Three causes

Poverty presses acutely on the country districts in Ireland, but the history of the present economic situation is too long to be given fully here. The main burden of the economic war which marked the opening of Mr. de Valera's régime weighed most heavily, of course, on agriculture. While combatants in the actual war with England, which brought the Irish Free State into being, were afterwards compensated for the losses they sustained, and industries adversely affected by the new policy governing the country were likewise indemnified, no compensation was offered to that large body of sufferers—the farmers. Moreover, the tariff wall erected around Irish industries was most detrimental to the farmers' interests in the cases where it doubled the cost of agricultural machinery, implements used on the land, and essential feeding-stuffs. Similar goods manufactured in Ireland are prohibitive in their cost. The average rates paid on land have been doubled since pre-war days and the general cost of living has soared. There is, therefore, an excessive disproportion between the income which is to be made on farms under the new conditions, and the exorbitant cost of everything the farmer must purchase to carry on his work. An inevitable result is unemployment: an average farmer who employed ten or twelve men twenty years ago cannot now give employment to three men.

While a certain migration from country to city is natural and goes on in all countries of the world, the Irish migration from country to town has become excessive owing to the economic causes already outlined. Whole families have left the countryside to take up their abode in towns. While the shifting of a population from country to town may be tolerable and even welcome in an industralized country, in a country such as Ireland, merely touched with the brush of industrialization, and completely dependent on agriculture, such a migration is acutely embarrassing and is bound to have the most unhappy social repercussions. Moreover, when the emigration to America was checked by legislation, the result was merely that it was diverted from America to England and the figures did not decrease. Greater educational facilities have had the disconcerting consequence that rural people are no longer ignorant of the standards of living enjoyed by the rest of the community and they are gravely discontented when a very inferior standard seems to be imposed upon themselves.

Education in general, it may be said, has contributed nothing towards arresting rural decay. The school curriculum is devised by urban minds and is completely urban in tone and tendency. It does nothing to exalt either agriculture or rural life in the minds of young learners who thus, unconsciously, imbibe contempt for the country and for everything pertaining to country life.

The rural decay is being hastened by the extraordinarily low marriage rate in Ireland. This phenomenon has its roots in the economic position already detailed. People say they cannot afford such a step as marriage with its implications of providing a home and founding a family. But worse, far worse, than the economic pressure thwarting their lives is the apathy and inertia with which they regard the extraordinary position in which they find themselves. In the country parish from which I write, every second house is inhabited by elderly sisters and brothers long past the marriage age, who appear to be perfectly content. There is no longer any stigma attaching to single life whether lived by an elderly bachelor or an old maid. The unfulfilment of living, the acceptance of extinction, implied in this curious self-imposed celibacy seems never to occur to the people directly concerned.

A virus of death

Among this huge population of elderly single people, there is undoubtedly a small proportion who could have married but did not do so. This minority are blamed in at least one of the Lenten Pastorals for their selfishness. It seems to me that the real trouble is deeper than simple selfishness and more complex than poverty. A race content to wither away, who do not marry simply because they are too indifferent to alter their state, is suffering from some sort of mental and physical decline, some enormous depletion of vitality. Their fathers before them were not so defeated; they had their homes and their families despite far more adverse circumstances. Pioneers in new countries usually marry, although their position and prospects may be far from roseate. How distant and unreal now seem the old slogans about *Ourselves Alone* and *Saving the Nation*. It is not the foreign enemy, nor partition, that is likely to defeat us but this virus of death which we nurse among ourselves.

The progressive desertion of country districts and the low marriage rate shows itself most par-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ticularly, of course, in an enormous decline in child population. For a number of years now, the Department of Education Reports have been filled with figures bearing witness to this decline. The Department strives to cope with the situation by amalgamating schools—sometimes three at a time—when the decreasing numbers on the rolls make such schools expensive as single units. But this move throws teachers out of employment and no suggestion has yet been offered for overcoming such an injustice.

The most recent Department of Education Report showed that the numbers on the school rolls declined from 1933 to 1937 by a total of 32,000. This applies to the whole twenty-six counties, city, town and country; 8,000 a year! The children are vanishing as rapidly as though they were being lured away by the music of some fatalistic Pied Piper. If plague or famine had taken them from us in such devastating numbers, what an outcry would have been raised, and how the sympathy of the world would have been invoked on our behalf! But it is worse when the children are not even there to be stricken. . . . Figures from little individual country districts are still more alarming, because they show that the decline is progressive everywhere, and more marked in the country than in the town. In the diocese of Kilmore, during the past ten years the number of children on the rolls has fallen from 16,753 to 14,817. The Bishop of Waterford speaks of parishes in his diocese in which the number of children presented for Confirmation is only a quarter of the number presented a few years ago. In the Archdiocese of Cashel, there were 16,032 children in the school rolls in 1937, and the following year the number had fallen to 15,788. Children have always been such an unvarying feature of Irish life, such an inseparable part of the rural landscape, that it is wellnigh impossible to imagine Mother Ireland as a sort of Rachel "mourning for her children that are not." Such a concept is like a nightmare from which one would be glad to be awakened. Yet it has come upon us almost insensibly and we are now in the midst of the catastrophe.

Essential agriculture

Ireland's most vital activity, agriculture, is threatened with paralysis if rural decay continues to spread. In addition to feeding the nation, it is the farmers who contribute in the largest measure towards maintaining the balance of trade by keeping up the volume of exports, which are almost wholly agricultural.

Again, what has become of that land hunger traditionally characteristic of the Irish peasantry? Was it Davitt who said that our people would go down to Hell for the land? When evictions were the public topic, the comment of many a traveler through the country was amazement that anyone should wish to cling to the typical mud cabin in its stony field! But in those days, the possession of land was the only title to manhood, the only evidence of status in a community. But now that land is easily available to anyone genuinely willing to make it productive, the lure of easier living and sure wages is gaining greater ascendancy over the people's minds to the growing disparagement of land ownership.

Twenty years of native government have thus brought us to a very unfortunate pass. It is not my intention to rush gleefully into the work of making political capital out of the reverses which the rural areas are suffering. I believe that both political parties were actuated by the best intentions when in power and that neither of them willed upon us our present plight. In theory both past and present governments were enthusiasts for the welfare of the land. But rural interests had no loud spokesman at critical moments and, being dumb, they were overlooked throughout a long series of legislation of which the best can be said is that it was blundering in its good intentions and shortsighted as to consequences. But only a basic and drastic revision of National policy will now avail to save the situation thus unhappily created.

Fair Feeling

When country families go downhill in town,
The feeling for a fair is last to go
Of all the substance of the loyalties
That made them handsome neighbors to the snow.
Quiet went the first, and loneliness
And shyness did not linger long behind;
Pride stayed on in living by the day,
But pride, for all its toughness, can go blind.

These lost ones have locked up the house and come
Out to the fair with no glance at the sky,
They have their best clothes on, but do not smile,
They drift where crowds stand thick to stare and buy.

But now and then, one of the lost will halt
Where a shelf of jellies stains the sun
And wonder why he thinks of a boyhood church
And does not know he is in an older one
Than that his boyhood knew, with its stained glass,
One lighted by the ancient color of man.
Another stares at pumpkins worshipping
Gods older than those gods whose altars ran
With golden fire in Bealbek or Babylon;
He thinks of an Autumn woodland he once knew,
And bows his head a moment, and is gone.
And one lost one will pause where cattle stand
With wide eyes rolling full of fear and light,
He drops his eyes unwilling to meet theirs,
And he will dream of sunflowers tonight.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America's Jail Scandal

Conditions for society and for the prisoners next to incredible are found among the million yearly inhabitants of our 3,097 county jails.

By Cleland van Dresser

THE PRISON population in the county jails of the United States averages one million persons. Traffic violators, petty thieves, dope fiends, perverts, murderers.

Two-thirds of the institutions housing these law breakers are totally unfit, as far as society is concerned, from the standpoint of safety, and humanely speaking, from the standpoint of the inmates. The result is that the nation is subjected to recurrent prison outbreaks and criminals of the most vicious type are loosed upon the land.

Of the 3,097 county jails in this country, 2,118 are entirely inadequate and under no circumstances should be used. These are the facts given out by the Department of Justice. This leaves a balance of 979 which, supposedly, can handle prisoners. However, 247 of these are in a shaky condition and are used by the federal government only in cases of emergency.

To sum up, of the total jails in the counties of the United States (roughly, every county has a jail) only 732 come anywhere near the standards set by the Department of Justice.

Every state in the Union, with the exception of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, has jails for the most part on the federal blacklist. And there is not one county jail with a rating of 100 percent. The nearest approach to efficiency is 80-90 percent, a rating that is applied to just 11 county jails throughout our country, scattered about in the states of Michigan, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Delaware.

Generally speaking, the nation's county detention institutions stink to high heaven from rotten politics and unwashed bodies. This is especially true in the deep South.

Alabama county jails number 69, none fully accredited, 13 with emergency status, and the balance on the blacklist. Only 10 of Florida's 67 jails are considered fit to house prisoners, while 134 county prisons in Georgia are rated below 50 percent, which is tantamount to the blacklist. (Georgia has 155 county jails, second largest state total in the Union.)

Arizona is simon-pure by contrast. Only half of her 18 county prisons are on the blacklist.

These conditions are growing worse in many places, and this in spite of the fact that officials of every jail in the country have been given definite instructions by the Department's Bureau of Prisons as to what constitutes the standards for adequate control of jails and decent living quarters.

You have, no doubt, more than once been in close contact, in subway, bus or on the streets (such things occur every day), with an escaped convict or a hopelessly diseased person just released from a filthy cell.

The outstanding evil of the county jail today is an insufficient and woefully inefficient personnel, the main contributing factor to escape. This is the chief reason why more than two-thirds of county detention institutions are on the blacklist.

Inspectors of the Department of Justice, who are constantly making investigations, found that favored prisoners were being allowed to leave jail to go to the race track, attended county fairs and, in one instance, see a World's Series game. Prisoners in one place were taken out of jail and made to work in a gasoline station owned by the jailer. At this same prison women inmates were permitted to go out and act as waitresses in a tea room on a public highway, operated by the same official.

The inspectors were met at the doors of some jails by prisoners who had the keys and apparently full control. In another case a prisoner left the institution three times in one evening, went to a nearby town, got drunk and caused a disturbance. The sheriff was called and returned him to jail and even then did not seem to consider himself remiss in attending to his duties, for the prisoner again went to town and raised such a rumpus that he was arrested by the city police and fined. He had no money to pay the fine and the police refused to release him so that the sheriff, in order to return his prisoner to the jail, reluctantly paid the fine.

A serio-comic incident occurred in a North Dakota town. A murder trial was going on. At the conclusion of the defending lawyer's plea the jurors left the courtroom to deliberate. Because of the shortage of space in the county courthouse the sheriff decided to confine the jurors in the jail. Accordingly the prisoners were removed and the jurors were locked in the main cell while the official stood guard. While the jurors were wrangling over the verdict the prisoners escaped.

In an Illinois jail five prisoners were working for four hours removing rivets and hammering

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on steel. They escaped and the jailers hadn't even heard the din. The investigators' reports are filled with accounts of flagrant neglect of duty on the part of county law enforcement officials.

Why are such conditions allowed to exist? That is explained by the fact that each of the three thousand-odd jails is operated independently. And, more often than not, it is under the jurisdiction of men elected for political reasons only, with no qualifications or experience. The federal Bureau of Prisons has no control over the manner in which county jails are operated, the local officials being answerable only to the county and, in some cases, to the state.

These officials, in many instances, have other remunerative interests which absorb more time than controlling the jail. The community seems to have no qualms about delegating authority to the lowest bidder, who acts more or less as a janitor, leaving the actual management of the jail to the prisoners.

A sheriff who for over a period of a year and a half had been receiving letters from the Federal Bureau of Prisons calling attention to the frightful conditions of his jail, finally answered to this effect. Washington headquarters quotes verbatim:

> My failure to reply to these letters is due to that fact, as you know, that this state, during the months from September to April was involved in a campaign. For your information, I was also in that campaign, which campaign I started the latter part of September and did not finish until about the third of April. We were re-elected by a very handsome majority—I am out of the campaign now and can give these matters my personal attention.

Federal Bureau of Prisons officials put this poignant question: "What happened to the prisoners in that jail during the seven months from September to April?"

Aside from lack of supervision, conditions in the jails from the standpoint of the prisoners were found to be horrible beyond belief. Vermin-ridden quarters, lack of sanitary facilities, toleration of kangaroo-courts, sexual perversion—these are only a few of the conditions revealed.

Kangaroo courts, self-elected organizations made up of the most brutal and influential prisoners, extort money from new inmates by inflicting torture—often with full knowledge of jailers and officials. Savage beatings, up to a hundred lashes, are administered. There is worse punishment if the new man refuses to pay, and the victim may be maimed for life.

Vicious treatment by guards and other jail officials is proverbial and goes on unabated.

Here is an excerpt from an inspector's report:

> The building, a rat-trap of two stories, has eight cages on the first floor. They are not cells. I was informed by the officer who opened the door that two men had hanged themselves here within the last thirty days. The place is filthy beyond description. On the second floor are two rooms, one for women and one for men. Twelve men of all ages sleep on a concrete floor with not a sign of even bed clothing.
>
> Three women in the other room, all afflicted with venereal diseases. One with an arm in a sling informed me that she was twenty-eight years of age. She looked much younger. The second was very much younger and the third was obviously an imbecile. No beds. They slept on the floor. Sanitation? None, whatsoever.

An inspector in the south describes another institution as follows:

> The sewage system has been out of commission for some time. The septic tank overflows not far from the jail kitchen, causing bad odors and great menace to health . . . also causing most of the plumbing facilities to be stopped up. Since the windows have no screens, swarms of flies covered the food the prisoners were eating. The flies had direct access to the cesspool.

The local board of health is supposed to inspect and check on the sanitation and cleanliness of the jail in your county. Does it do it? The answer is that of 2,894 jails recently visited by inspectors of the Bureau of Prisons, 2,204 had never been visited by an official of the local board of health or of any similar organization.

The one million annual population of our county prisons is made up of federal and local inmates ranging upwards from thirteen years of age, the largest proportion being between twenty-one and twenty-four, obviously very impressionable ages—tragically so. Almost without exception the present day jail indiscriminately houses together prisoners of all age, color, race and sex, sentenced for every offense, from over-parking to robbery, rape, use of drugs, and murder. Brutal and corrupt law enforcement officers, whose caliber is oftimes lower than the worst of their prisoners, throw insane persons into the same "bull pen" with youngsters who have been on their first "bender."

And most damnably stupid is the practice of holding completely innocent "material witnesses" in county jails to await the trial, treating them virtually as prisoners. There are cases on record where such witnesses have been confined for months before being released to testify.

Small wonder that many short-term residents of county jails come out embittered towards society and committed to a life of crime!

Officials of the Department of Justice have this to say, "In the last analysis, a foundation must be laid for the ultimate abolition of the county jail as it now exists."

"Ultimate"—"Farthest, most remote in space or time . . ." Why not now?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Apartments for the Poor

The social benefits of slum clearance are recognized as here to stay—and spread.

By Barry Byrne

A VALID criticism of the earlier multiple housing ventures, initiated during the past decade, and with government aid, was that these gave improved housing facilities only to persons of an income which would enable them, in any event, to secure comparatively decent accommodations elsewhere. These earlier ventures were of the limited dividend variety exclusively. Such developments, as Father Edward Roberts Moore pointed out in his article in the *Saturday Evening Post* of June 10, 1939, made no pretense of accommodating slum dwellers. Even when such developments were slum clearance projects, as in the case of Knickerbocker Village, in the lower east side of Manhattan, they had only the effect of evacuating families from truly horrible tenements without offering them better accommodations, either in the indicated housing project, or elsewhere. There existed, therefore, no alternative to these dispossessed, poor people, but to find living quarters in another slum. The rents charged in Knickerbocker Village were such as to put the apartments well out of reach of the former dwellers in that area.

The Knickerbocker Village development was paralleled in this respect, and to varying degrees, by others of the limited dividend variety, even though these other developments were not, in all cases, slum clearance projects. They have usually been constructed in more suburban regions of open territory, and are such as Hillside Homes, in the Bronx, and developments in Cleveland, Chicago and elsewhere. These last, while not offering accommodations to those families who can only afford slum quarters, do, however, furnish improved accommodations at a moderate rental, and in the matter of apartment planning, light, air, and recreational facilities these mark a substantial advance over the usual thing in apartment housing of the multiple type.

Now that a sufficient number of P.W.A. housing projects, as distinguished from these limited dividend projects, are completed, or are nearing completion, it is desirable to estimate the value, and to indicate some defects, that are apparent in this P.W.A. field of direct governmental activity. At the outset it may be stated that improved housing can only elicit praise from anyone whose thinking is not marked by a reactionary and obscurantist conservatism. Housing of a suitable kind is an elemental necessity to a community and as private initiative has not satisfied this crying need, it, has, very fittingly, become a public obligation. The enactment of the Wagner-Steagall Law, which provides for rent subsidies to cover the instances of low family income, extends the field of usefulness of these housing projects so that families in the lower income brackets can be accommodated. A re-housing of slum populations, therefore, has now become a possibility. Slum clearance projects, very naturally, are the most desirable form of housing development, because, in addition to the good of improved housing, there is the elimination of the evil that is the slum. In fact the provisions of the law under which these P.W.A. housing projects are initiated requires them to be slum clearance projects. It is, however, significant in this connection to note that no slum clearance project is being considered for the lower section of Manhattan. In this region exist the slums par excellence and while this region represents an extreme example of city slum growth, yet it is paralleled in character, if not in extent, in most large cities.

Land speculation

Such districts are depressed sections bordering on areas of maximum land values and the slum, in these cases, complements the nearby skyscraper. These districts, as well as the super-high building, typify the evils resulting from land speculation and the overcrowding of land areas with building, to secure returns on speculative land values. The problem in these regions, therefore, when considered for housing developments, is one of land, which is held at such a high value as to make low rental housing projects prohibitive in cost. While a number, and variety, of facts contribute to the creation of most slums, in the type of case here cited the slum has come into existence because of this effort to secure a calculated and high return, by intensified use, on a land value which has been created by speculation. The monetary value that is placed on such property is, in reality, a community-created value and it is only custom and a disregard of economic essentials that continues a condition where private return is exacted from values that are not private in creation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The matter of slum clearance in such districts, therefore, comes to be essentially a matter concerned with the existing type of land tenure. Without unusual subsidies, in fact unwarranted subsidies, low rental housing projects which are also slum clearance projects are not possible in these areas of high ground values, yet these are the districts that most need slum clearance and improved housing. While regrets are fruitless, it would seem a logical deduction from the premises to state that if Henry George had been successful in inaugurating the Single Tax, slums of this type, at least, would have long since become a memory and our cities would probably also have been saved from the deleterious effects of the super-high building. The general result of the Henry George system of ground rents as indicated in the article, "Why We Have Idle Millions," by John Harrington, in the July 14 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, should have been the breaking-up of estate holdings of land, and the lowering of land values, which are here to be distinguished from value of improvements. Speculation in land and the holding of it for a rise in value would then have been extremely unprofitable, in fact it would have been impossible to retain such holdings excepting on the basis of personal use. While the current taxing system continues, therefore, these slums which are marginal to business and high ground value areas cannot very well be eliminated, and our city fathers have, seemingly, given up the problem of these depressed sections as being unsolvable. Their attention and effort, therefore, have been concentrated on another type of slum, also the result of land speculation, which is a usual development in outlying regions of large cities and where land values are not so swollen.

As to the housing developments that have come into existence, it may be said, in all fairness and charity, that they are no joy to behold. The architectural designers of them have been able to achieve only an institutional effect, and in some cases this is so complete that one feels that uniformed inmates would fittingly supplement the picture. To observe that a lack of sensitivity and an inability to control the elements of the plan, massing and detail is overwhelmingly evident in these building groups, indicates no superior esthetic judgment. The response of the ordinary passerby, who is not burdened by esthetic considerations, but who responds to an instinctive feeling, shows that the impoverished hardness of the designs elicits condemnation rather than praise.

It will be mistakenly said, in apology, that the necessary simplicity of the structures does not permit expenditure for ornament. Of course this mistake is usual and is made by people who assume that ornament should be used to palliate the innate barrenness of architectural conception, which is so painfully evident in these structures. This idea has no basis in reality and the difference between a barren and ungracious simplicity and a simplicity that appeals by reason of its grace and architectural qualities, lies in a sensitivity that only an architect, who is also an artist, can contribute. It is not so much, therefore, what the practical conditions of the buildings impose on one, as what one does in forming these conditions into a happy architectural result that matters. And the difference between these two ends is almost incalculable, for a personality in architectural design intervenes between them, to a much more suitable result. The consideration which now confronts us in the physical evidence of these housing projects, as the matter now rests, is whether we will continue to consider sanitary barrack-like buildings the ultimate thing in American housing or whether a better and more humanized appearance and result will be sought for.

In other respects the current situation regarding housing continues to be encouraging and the advance in this field of social endeavor is greater than would have been deemed possible a dozen years ago. Then it appeared that the prejudices against a (so-called) paternalistic government, supplemented by real estate influences, would forever block the way of housing improvement. The conditions which have brought about a change in viewpoint, and practice, are so innately concerned with the painful economic incidents of the last decade that they do not require repetition. It suffices that a new and better concept prevails and that regression from it is no longer conceivable.

Nourishment for Virtue

They ask too much of us, the poor. They ask
That we be thrifty; that we close our eyes
To tempting food displayed within the shops;
To warm, well-fitting clothes; that we be wise
And spend the small coin of relief
For dire necessity. Well, we know need,
But we are human, too, and love of ease may breed
In narrow streets as well as wide.
We lack ambition; we haven't any pride,
They say. Do they forget that to have pride of place
One must have place? Ambition does not feed
On any food but hope. And we have none.

The lack of money never will erase
The longing for the things that money buys.
Yes, we would squander gold, if we had gold,
For buttered bread; for title and for deed
To hearth and home; for fire on the hearth.
We have no place that we can call our own.
Our hearths and hearts are cold;
Too cold to nourish virtue; too cold to cope
With envy and despair. Give us your charity,
But not alone, for it is one of three.
It must go hand and hand with faith and hope.

FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THE HIGHLY EFFICIENT publicity machine of the Nazis is part and parcel of their equally efficient war machine, which in turn is the main instrument of their even more efficient machinery of streamlined, dynamic heathenism. It has flooded the press even of the neutral nations and the nations at war with Nazi Germany with action pictures showing Hitler at the Polish front. Here is Hitler consoling his wounded soldiers; Hitler directing his triumphant generals; Hitler in a plane flying over the battles below and the flaming Polish cities and villages. As a great triumph of Nazi publicity, Hitler is portrayed paying his respects to Poland's former chieftain, Marshal Pilsudski, at the latter's monument. This homage, it was explained, was offered because at one time, in the first world war, Pilsudski had fought with and for the German cause. That Pilsudski briefly led his Polish legion against Russia, under the Austrian banner, simply because that was the first means open to begin the real war for Polish independence which finally he won, so that Poland arose again as a nation, was of course ignored by the Nazi publicity machine. Now that the last blow struck at Poland's back by the Nazis' new allies, the Communists, has completed the crushing of Poland once again, Hitler's symbolic act before the Pilsudski monument glaringly illuminates the Nazi philosophy. Pilsudski is honored by the ruthless destroyers of his life's work because of one isolated fact which alone signifies anything good to the Nazi conquerors.

Whether the Poles—those left alive, in slavery now under Communism and Nazism, or in exile—will accept the Nazi view of Pilsudski as a spiritual ally of Nazi Germany remains to be seen. All the teachings of a thousand years and more of Poland's endless struggle for liberty and Christianity tend, however, to indicate that the Nazis' publicity as well as the heathenism glorified by that publicity machine may be in error regarding this point, and that the war with Poland is only beginning instead of ending amid the crash of Nazi bombs and the screaming of Nazi headlines and the world-encircling Nazi radio. Poland's allies, Great Britain and France, may have failed her disastrously; but her allies have played that trick before, many times. The Poles will fight as they have fought for centuries, with their souls even more than their bodies; with their prayers and their poems. They will remember Pilsudski, now, not as a henchman of Adolf Hitler's publicity machine; but as a Polish soldier; and they will turn again to their poets of liberty and Christianity as the heathen hordes close in from east and west. Adam Mickiewicz will be listened to more effectually than Hitler's radio or Hitler's bombs.

Mickiewicz is buried in the Cracow cathedral, where, too, Queen Jadwiga, who fought and prayed and suffered for the Polish people five hundred years ago, is enshrined. Mickiewicz did his fighting a hundred years ago, mainly with his pen. His fighting seemed to fail, at that time. Poland was partitioned as it again is being partitioned; but his writings nourished the Polish souls that preserved Poland alive through all the years when Russia and Prussia and Austria ruled over the exploited Polish people. Then from the ruins of the World War Poland arose again; and now once more, as a political reality, she disappears. But the future remains for those peoples who can endure, who can persevere; and Poland has proved that she belongs high among such vital peoples.

In the forefront of the biography of David Urqhuart, that strange Scottish Protestant who was the friend and spiritual disciple of Pope Pius IX, and who drew up, with the aid of more than a hundred Catholic bishops, the program for world peace based upon canon law which the Vatican Council was to have acted upon in 1870, but which failed of consideration because the Franco-Prussian war and the war in Italy dispersed the Council, there is quoted one of Mickiewicz's poems, from "The Book of the Polish Pilgrims." It begins: "Then the Kings, having denied Christ, made new gods and idols and exposed them to the sight of nations and ordered them to fall down and worship and fight for them. And they made for the French an idol, and they called it Honor—and it was the same idol that in former times was called the Golden Calf. . . . And for the English their King made an idol and called it Sovereignty of the Seas, and it was the same idol that was formerly called Mammon. And for the Germans they made an idol called Well-Being [now it is Race, and also Living-Room] which formerly were named with the names of Moloch and Comus. And the people adored their idols. . . . And so the other nations, each adored and fought for their idols. And so in Europe idolatry flourished—and as the Pagans had first adored different virtues under the forms of idols and afterwards so adored different vices, and then men and beasts and finally stones and figures and geometry, so also did it happen in Europe. . . ."

David Urqhuart wrote, as a postscript to the Polish fable, that when all these idols had been served for five hundred years and then been changed and others made and worshipped and fought for during five hundred years more, and then for a further five hundred years, that all the idols were broken, and now "a greater one has taken their place. This idol is Chance—he is propitiated with wave offerings and burnt offerings of Laws, Rights, Usages and Traditions and his high-priest is Diplomacy, his temple is the Congress (or Parliament) or Cabinet. By Whispers, he sears the heart of men. He changes all things past, corrupts all things present, and disposes of all things to come. He was known among the ancient pagans as Iniquity, but was considered a Demon and not a God." Not until this idol was also smashed, and new idols were not made, so that all the nations returned to the worship and service of God, and observance of God's law of brotherhood and love and justice, he wrote, would true peace come. Will this new world war fulfil his prophecy, or confirm men in the service of heathendom? This is the great question which underlies all the questions of frontiers and racial and national rights and wrongs and trade routes and all the other jargon of the service of the man-made idols the worship of which again brings war to the world.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points & Lines

War and American Business

THOUGHTS of 1914 that led to the now somewhat deflated Wall Street boom overlooked the fact that France and Britain in recent months have been laying in huge stores of raw materials they did not have twenty-five years ago. Their domestic industries and colonial empires also produce today much then purchased from America. But even without the lifting of the embargo the United States stands to ship vast quantities of raw materials—agricultural and industrial—to beleaguered Europe. These new demands apparently coincide with a sharp domestic upturn. Immediate prospects are summed up by the New York *Times* in a paragraph which reveals an unmistakable slant on the war in Europe:

> Swelling the increased domestic demand was the first trickle of war orders from abroad. Britain wanted 10,000 pairs of binoculars, 6,000 surgical forceps (once obtained from Germany) and vast quantities of pit props for air-raid shelters. Rumors circulated through the food markets that the European democracies would soon place huge orders for canned goods and other foodstuffs. Aircraft factories from Los Angeles to Long Island were assembling and holding for shipment, pending expected revision of the Neutrality Law, millions of dollars' worth of planes ordered by Britain and France.

A sample of the attitude that is characteristic of many hopeful businesses occurs in *Barron's* in an article headed "No War-Control Strait Jacket for Industry Planned"; the last sub-head reads, "Want the country to make a dollar."

One of the leading reasons for "bullish" business sentiments is expectation in Latin America. This is stressed in a weekly survey in the *Christian Science Monitor:*

> In fact it looks as though, for some months anyway, the principal expansion of our foreign markets will be into the vacuums created by the cutting off of belligerent exports. Germany particularly had a large foreign business in coal, electrical machinery, machine tools, chemicals and even automobiles. These markets—or even part of them—fall to us. Some of Germany's customers won't be immediately able to buy the same amount from us, for under the excessively clever German blocked-mark and aski arrangements they had already paid for considerable future imports with delivery of oil, coffee, cotton, etc., and now they have nothing to show for it except aski marks, which are blocked credits in Berlin. The volume of telephone and telegraph business with South America, an advance indication of business, has stepped up as much as 50 percent in some lines the past fortnight, but it may be some time before business materializes.

This emphasis is reflected in the leading editorial in the current *Business Week,* published by McGraw-Hill:

> It took the United States two years after the beginning of the last war to discover what rich customers for American manufacturers its neighbors south of the Rio Grande could be, particularly when mature European competition for their business was removed. . . . There is reason today to expect an export boom in this region, almost from the beginning of the war. . . . A ready-made market is awaiting exploitation.

The editorial goes on to speak of the opportunities for a "good neighbor" program that will pay dividends and warns the Latin-Americans against further expropriation without compensation and unfriendly discrimination when peace returns. But its chief exhortation is to the business leaders of the United States to play their cards well:

> But because the United States is bigger and richer and, commercially, more mature, the responsibility rests with us. We cannot afford this time to assume, even at the beginning of the war, that as long as our competitors are out of the running, we can unscrupulously name our own prices and set our own standards in this trade. This is our opportunity to build for the future: to establish our own agents throughout Latin America instead of relying on British, or German, or French firms that will drop our lines when they can again be regularly supplied from home; to cater to the special demands of a vast Spanish- and Portuguese-speaking world, predominantly Catholic, and extremely proud of its independence; to cooperate in, rather than dominate, the economic development of these countries; and to command respect by insisting on impartial treatment for everyone and firm adherence to international law.

This would in all probability involve raising the living standards in Latin America. If this is accomplished business expansion here to supply such markets would enjoy more lasting prospects than the expansion resulting from the needs of warring European powers. Yet in the excitement over the war boom flurry the nation's press for the most part has been strangely silent about the long-range effects of exporting to warring Europe. The chief fear expressed by the "bulls" is an immediate conclusion of peace. And there is always the dreaded obstacle of more comprehensive regulations of prices, production and profits. One of the exceptions to the understandably gleeful hue and cry of a nation hoping to go back to work is the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:*

> Regardless of what happens abroad, our own internal ills, every one of them, remain. A wise as well as a neutral people will remember that when war broke out in Europe, they had their hands full attempting to put their own economic house in order. They will realize that any improvement in business conditions will be only temporary, that the prosperity which war brings is always unhealthy, that behind the passing war screen are mountains of work to be done in city, county, state and nation on this side of the Atlantic. Let us start right here in St. Louis.

This editorial then lists city financial deficits, the smoke pall that hangs over the city, pitifully inadequate relief, political corruption, destitute share croppers, technological unemployment. It maintains that war is no solution for problems like these and concludes that the task today is to go to work on them and show that self-government works. Another warning is registered by Keith Hutchison in the *Nation:*

> Any runaway market in basic commodities seems entirely unjustified. It will seriously disturb our own economy, add to the cost of living, and put a brake on the normal recovery that was developing when the war broke out. . . . And however much temporary economic benefit we may gain from Europe's tragedy, it must almost inevitably be at the expense of increasing the unbalance of our economy and adding new problems to those which a war boom may shelve but cannot solve.

But the prospect of climbing out of ten years of depression, even temporarily, seems to carry the day.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Stage & Screen

Journey's End

I DID NOT SEE "Journey's End" when it was given fourteen years ago, and therefore I have no comparisons to make. Some of the daily critics have asserted that aside from Colin Keith-Johnston in his portrayal of Stanhope, the part he originated in America, the acting is inferior to that of the 1925 production. Perhaps it is, but then again time throws an aura over things of one's youth, and even to a dramatic critic the old times are apt to be best seen through the haze which lies between thirty-five and fifty. But as I never saw it before, that haze does not exist for me in this case. All I can report is that with the exception of Glenn Hunter's lamentable enunciation in the part of Hibbert—at least half his words were incomprehensible—I found the acting admirable. Reginald Mason's Osborne has charm and gentleness; Jack Merivale proves himself a worthy son of his father, playing Raleigh with youthful pathos and honesty; Victor Beecroft is delightful as the cockney batman; and A. P. Kaye is amusing as Trotter. As for Colin Keith-Johnson, I can but echo the things said about him fourteen years ago, and repeated today. As the tortured Stanhope he gives a remarkable performance, one at once manly and nerve-racked. In short I found the evening pregnant with interest.

Whether reviving "Journey's End" at the present moment is or is not a happy thought from a box-office viewpoint may well be debatable. What is happening or about to happen on the Western Front may well be too poignant to have it portrayed just now upon the stage. Art has been denominated as emotion remembered in tranquillity. "Journey's End" is this, for it was written by a soldier years after the experiences it sets forth and played to audiences whose spiritual wounds had been healed by the balm of time. But given again in another age, when once more horror stalks on the Western Front, the tranquillity has fled from those who see it. It has now become a simulacrum of what is happening in reality, and it may well become either faded in the presence of that reality, or a too poignant reminder of it. Yet this does not detract from the worth of Mr. Sherriff's play itself. The truth of its characters, the drama of its situations, the bite of its dialogue are as real today as ever they were. The impact of war on civilized men is expressed in "Journey's End" with a power such as has been shown in no other play on the English-speaking stage. It is the more powerful in that Mr. Sherriff has no axe to grind. He is neither a pacifist nor a communist nor a flag-waver. He hates war, but he does not deny that it may under certain circumstances be necessary. What he shows is the human being under its hammer. But what is to be praised is that the human being, even though he may at times be neurasthenic, even cowardly, at base is not ignoble. Mr. Sherriff realizes that there are more terrible things than physical death, and that duty is still the "stern daughter of the voice of God." In a world gone mad it may thus even be an inspiration to see again "Journey's End." (At the Empire Theatre.)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

War Is Horror

"NURSE EDITH CAVELL" distinguishes itself directing its hatred not against Germans but against war. Herbert Wilcox, producers and director, uses photomontage to the best advantage to suggest marching soldiers, falling bombs, the terrible background of war, while the action is centered in and around German-invaded Brussels. The English nurse, whose conflict of loyalties, whose deep feeling for her suffering fellow men led her to harbor prisoners and help them escape, is beautifully portrayed by Anna Neagle. Her severity, calmness and lack of histrionics are an anodyne for the terrific suspense that keeps you on tenterhooks as she is aided by Edna May Oliver, Zasu Pitts and May Robson in smuggling men into Holland. Although warned by the Germans, Miss Cavell continues her heroic work. She is discovered, tried and sentenced for espionage and aiding the enemy; and all the efforts of the English and Americans (neutral in 1915) cannot save the brave nurse who is caught in the grip of the war machine.

A much different kind of war picture, one best summed up by its own slogan and advertisement, "always outnumbered, never outfought," and "a great romantic adventure," is "The Real Glory." This Samuel Goldwyn item opens with the evacuation of American troops from the Philippines after the Spanish-American War which leaves a few officers and untrained, fear-ridden native soldiers to guard the inhabitants of Fort Mysang against Alipang, the villainous Moro bandit. Gary Cooper, tall, handsome, gruff, a doctor in love with his work, David Niven, a seasoned lieutenant in love with an island where he'd like to settle down, and Broderick Crawford, big, clumsy, in love with orchids, all make eyes at the captain's daughter, Andrea Leeds, and train the soldiers to meet Alipang. They do such a good job in instilling courage in the natives that when the battle starts and the bolos swing into action, you see more gore, blood and fast-moving excitement than has been concentrated in a film in many a day. Blood-curdling murders, cholera, dynamiting, tortures and heroic rescues are balanced by the lead's good acting and the convincing understatement of Reginald Owen, Kay Johnson and Vladimir Sokoloff.

If war films are not your meat these days, and who can blame you, try something like "Hero for a Day," a little number that ushers in the season's football pictures with a novel idea. Charley Grapewin does an excellent portrayal of an alumnus, '04, once voted the man most likely to succeed, now just a night watchman, who is dragged into the big doings when his college team comes up to play in New York. The irony of his false position and his shame are pathetic. It's too bad that Director Harold Young couldn't have kept the whole thing in a minor key for he might have had another "Man To Remember." But when he introduces pretty Anita Louise in overly-smart clothes, romance and the last-minute football game, his film gets too flossy around the edges.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of the Week

Two Iberians

The Portugal of Salazar, by Michael Derrick. New York: Campion Books, Ltd. $2.00.
Franco, by Joaquín Arrarás. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company. $2.50.

THE SLOW MONTHS of summer time have supplied me an opportunity to reflect at some length upon two biographies which cannot but attract the attention of those who would understand the forces that are operating in the world today, and particularly the attention of Catholics. The latest spot news from a Europe that has decided to fight it out at heaven knows what cost to religion and civilization may be more exciting, but I rather suspect that it will never be particularly illuminating. There are and undoubtedly will continue to be ponderous and learned books which purport to explain the background of the conflict. They have their use; they will contribute something to truth. But most of us have not the time needed to extract the truth from such hard and irritating shells. In 1937 and 1938 we used often to hear that the Iberian peninsula was the battleground for all Europe; that here two conflicting ideologies were fighting it out, and that as Spain went, so Europe would go. Such simplifications have a destructive effect upon self-respecting thought. The Spanish puzzle has no ready solution.

But in a very different sense it seems to me true that the Iberian peninsula has indeed been a proving ground in the world of our day; it has displayed a lot of the things that are wrong with the world. And the protagonists, happily enough, have not all been vulgar caricatures, as they have been in so many other parts of Europe.

It is well over a year since Michael Derrick's "The Portugal of Salazar" was first published in England. Last April an American firm undertook to make this work available on the western side of the Atlantic. Mr. Derrick is a partizan of the Portuguese professor. So we read his book in the knowledge that we are reading something almost "official," certainly something not displeasing to the present régime in Portugal.

Now it happens that of all Europe's dictators, the most attractive is Salazar. He is himself no politician in the derogatory sense; certainly he is no demagogue. Anyone who has ever read the volume of his speeches published about two years ago in France will vouch for that! There is no evidence whatever that he has sought to enrich himself by public affairs, or, what is more to the point, that he has sought self-aggrandizement. He comes of peasant stock, and in his personal tastes he remains a peasant. He seems to be a sincerely religious man. Most important of all, he really knows something; here is no bombastic ignoramus winning his people by malicious animal magnetism. Salazar has studied politics and economics; he has read the social encyclicals; he is said to consider Maritain as one of his masters. From his external policy alone one can draw conclusions. He has no use for Russian communism; he has expressed himself almost as strongly on nazism. He has continued the traditional Portuguese policy of friendship with England, but has made it a self-respecting friendship. He has favored Franco in Spain, but mildly, because he knows that whoever rules Spain, there will be some Spaniards whose sense of geographical symmetry is offended by the existence of Portugal as an independent country.

But as we read Mr. Derrick, we begin to have our doubts—not about the man's sincerity or patriotism or very real contribution to his country's welfare. But about the whole process of government by authority. Portugal is a country that has suffered intensely from bad politics, hollow democracy. Pre-Salazar Portugal was in a bad way. Salazar's authoritarianism has been relatively mild, intelligent. Yet nowhere in Mr. Derrick's book do we find an answer to the questions which seem to lie at the heart of the matter. Can Portuguese workmen strike if their conditions of employment become desperate? What is to happen when Salazar disappears, and government falls into the hands of less honest men? What of education, relative standards of living, Church and State?

Portugal was sick of "politics," sick unto death; yet politics must exist if men are to govern themselves. In final desperation the nation accepted Salazar, gave up its right to politics, decided to let Oliveira do it. Is not that a picture of a general malaise today? Is not all Europe—and America too—getting sick of popular politics, sick of the processes of self-government?

Of course there are many people in the world who are not yet sick enough of the abuses of politics to be willing to give up the duties and privileges that the continued existence of popular participation in politics imposes. There are millions of people who still wish to exercise their "sovereign" rights as individuals. They even seem to be willing to die for those rights, though I persist in a belief that that willingness, in itself, constitutes the greatest menace to what little of those very rights is left in the world. Mr. Derrick's book whets our appetites. Could we have something a little more critical, more complete?

The biography of Franco is officially "official," and in many ways even more revealing that Mr. Derrick's book. If ever I become a dictator, I'll write no *Mein Kampf*, and I'll allow no official biography to be written. Inevitably something or other in such a book later becomes embarrassing. Joaquín Arrarás's life of Franco is a revealing volume, which I recommend to all who will read it critically. The man who emerges from its pages is not altogether a man; one keeps wondering about him, and one blames his biographer for having created a lifeless hero. But this is the character of all official biographies. And the hero does have some life, some motion. It is those little indications of life and motion that are revealing at least of one thing: Franco also was sick of "politicians," honestly and vehemently sick of them as only a good army officer can be sick. The sad thing is that he has found that to govern one must, oneself, become a politician . . . or so it seems to me, from reading Mr. Arrarás's book and the daily newspapers. But maybe that is another simplification.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Social Ferment in Vermont, 1791-1850, by David M. Ludlum. New York: Columbia University Press. $3.50.

IN THE thirties of the twentieth century Vermont has seemed to most of us the seat of political orthodoxy and the symbol of conservatism. In the first half of the nineteenth, it represented for many Americans the wildest experimentalism and the reddest radicalism. In "Social Ferment in Vermont, 1791-1850," Dr. Ludlum has done a job of dissecting the first sixty years of Vermont's history as a state. Through the elaborate use of source material, carefully detailed in footnotes, he has managed to present a fascinating chapter in the story of our national origins.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Great numbers, perhaps a majority, of Vermont's first settlers came from Connecticut. Pushing out along the Connecticut Valley, the settlers gradually established the neat towns and trim Congregational churches characteristic of their origin, and in politics continued to reflect the Yankee Federalism of Connecticut. West of the Green Mountains other settlers, many of them religious dissenters from southern New England, pushed northward into the Champlain lowlands. This latter section, Dr. Ludlum points out, was the home of radical movements. Here was the stronghold of Jeffersonian Republicanism. Here the Baptists and Methodists held their revivals and won their support, only to be plagued by later schisms in the same area. Here, and in the northern hill country bordering on Canada, the voting strength of Anti-Masonry was concentrated. And in this area Vermont's "almost mystic hatred of slavery" was crystallized into enthusiastic support for its abolition.

Vermont's Constitution of 1777 was the first American constitution to abolish slavery. Economically and socially the state was singularly unfitted for the development of slave labor. On religious grounds the opposition to slavery was initially strong, and continued to gather momentum throughout the temperance campaigns and the recurring religious revivals. And the inhabitants displayed a marked political and religious individuality. Joseph Smith, founder of Mormonism, was born in Vermont. So were John Humphrey Noyes and Horace Greeley. Three years before the founding of *The Liberator* in 1831, William Lloyd Garrison was editing a newspaper in Bennington. Various schemes for social, economic and eternal salvation were invented, tried out, or exported by Vermonters. During the forties, when economic distress provoked increased migration to the West, the cry for free land was added to Vermont's demand for the abolition of slavery.

Early in the nineteenth century one of Vermont's not infrequent millenialists declared that the end of the World was coming in 1866. To many residents of the state the overthrow of the slave power may well have seemed the beginning of the millenium. Certainly the Union was supported with both blood and treasure. In proportion to its population Vermont sent more of its sons than any other state, and of the total number fighting, 91 percent had volunteered. The Civil War marked the peak of Vermont's social efforts. Thereafter Vermonters abjured agitation, and went into railroad and factory building. And by the twentieth century Vermont had become the self-contained, serenely beautiful, incredibly Republican state we know today.

"Social Ferment in Vermont, 1791-1850," is Number 5 in the Columbia Studies in American Culture published by the Columbia University Press. The book has an index and an excellent bibliography. KATHLEEN COYLE.

A Journal of Reparations, by Charles G. Dawes. New York: Macmillan. $5.00.

"IT IS apparent that this question of reparations (and debts) will tend, regardless of negotiations, adjustments and conferences, towards a war. . . ." These were the words of your reviewer in an article which was published in April, 1929. They are most applicable today, when Europe is again at war. Against this new conflict's background, we are learning here a bit more about the last one and its aftermath—complications which indirectly led to the present one. The volume is not intended to argue the *raison d'être* of reparations nor to write a his-

B. ALTMAN & CO.

Trefousse

THE ARISTOCRAT

of gloves makes a regal entrance

3.00

glace kid in black, brown or white. Suede in black, brown, beige, navy. 6 to 7 1/2.

black suede with wine insets; brown with green. 6 to 7 1/2.

this unique glove, with its quiet perfection, puts a final touch to your groomed elegance for autumn. Trefousse of Chaumont sends out of France the rare, fine national kidskins and suedes tailored into signed masterpieces.

Altman gloves . . . main floor

Fifth Avenue at 34th Street *Telephone MU. 9-7000*

Also at Our East Orange and White Plains Shops

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

torical account of the tragedy; it is merely a publishing—somewhat late!—of the contemporary diary and memoranda of General Dawes, who was Chairman of the First Committee of Experts, the Reparations Commission. As such, the book is one of the most important links in the story of the participation of Americans in the rehabilitation of Europe after the Great War. In Mr. Dawes' words, the results re-established Germany's economy, currency and credit and "changed for the better, at least for a period of years, the condition of Europe."

It was this latter thought which was to be so far off the path of events—notwithstanding the acknowledged fairness and expertness with which Mr. Dawes treated and solved the complex and involved problems, despite the fact that it marked the first time indeed when individual, independent "foreigners" sat around a peaceful conference table and found "a way out." For the Dawes Plan (1924-25) was superseded by other plans, which optimistically enough did away with a good many of the conditions and safety-catches of the original idea. Through many faults, whose parentage can only be declared but never definitely proved, the problem of reparations drifted into the purely political arena, and as such became an issue which was to give with each recurrent shock at Germany's precarious economic and political foundation great impetus to the advancement of the present régime. For those who wish to learn more about the beginnings of National Socialist partisanship and the real results of a lost war (Attention: Adolf Hitler!), this book should prove as interesting, as instructive as it will be helpful and revealing to the historian who has still to finish the full story of the last twenty-five years. Barthou, Blum, Briand, Clemenceau, Poincaré, Schacht, Stresemann, Ebert, Foch, Herriot, Kellog, MacDonald, Owen D. Young—they are all here and many more. Sir Josiah Stamp shares an appreciative introduction with Dr. Heinrich Bruening, the former German Chancellor, now in America.

BORIS ERICH NELSON.

India Rubber Man: The Story of Charles Goodyear, by Ralph F. Wolf. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers. $3.00.

THIS is hardly the biography you have been waiting for. It is distinctly prosaic, and, from any standpoint, lacks distinction, and there attaches to the prose at times an archaic quality calculated to annoy.

Perhaps one trouble with it is that Mr. Wolf writes of Goodyear as though the inventor lived in Zanzibar. He might, for all we know, have lived at any time, in any place. But a man is, at least, part of the age in which he lives. The author relates Goodyear's work—his despair, defeats and poverty. And yet, we are completely untouched. I suspect that Mr. Wolf himself remained untouched. It is as though I read that a man was just killed in Times Square. There is no imaginative reconstruction of the material; no recreation of the subject's real life. Mr. Wolf has allowed a quantity of material to pass through his hands. Little of it stayed long in his brain, and almost none of it was absorbed into his system. I find also a flippancy that the philosophic and factual scope of the book hardly warrants: "During the course of the exhibition, Goodyear's display had been visited by Louis Napoleon, who, thanks to an English barmaid, was Emperor of France and the bridegroom of the Eugénie hat." What is it Horace used to say—Quod facias illo?

FRANCIS DOWNING.

RELIGION

The Old Testament: The First Book of Psalms (Pss. I-XLI); edited by the Reverend Cuthbert Lattey, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. Boards, $2.20.

THERE is no religious literature that contains such a wide range of thought and emotion of the Book of Psalms. Most comprehensive is its range of thought, embracing God and creature under various aspects, time and eternity. Then too there is no condition of life or state of soul that does not find adequate expression in this book. Little wonder, therefore, that this religious collection has always remained an inexhaustible source of devotion and meditation for the individual, the synagogue as well as the Church. Little wonder, therefore, that many attempts are constantly made to bring out and clarify the beauty and grandeur of these spiritual lyrics.

It was about four years ago that a new Catholic version of the New Testament, known as the Westminster Version, was completed. This translation, directly based upon the Greek and replete with many good footnotes, was edited by Fathers Lattey and Keating, both Jesuits. This monumental work has now been extended to a new translation of the Old Testament from the Hebrew texts. Some of the books have already been published, while others are in the course of immediate preparation. The First Book of Psalms, commonly called the Yahwistic collection, has been edited by Cuthbert Lattey, S.J.

This First Book of Psalms has many commendable points. There is a brief yet adequate introduction explaining the content, structure and authorship of the Psalms. The division of the Psalms as well as their translation follow the massoretic text. Each Psalm is given according to strophical arrangement and then followed by a general analysis and an explanation of its metrical scheme and title, as well as a brief commentary on some individual verses and variant readings.

In general we may venture to say that this translation has been most carefully and accurately done from the Hebrew text. A smooth, elegant and logical reading is given. At times preference is shown for readings taken from the Septuagint, Saint Jerome and the Peshitta, because in minor points, where there is a question of variant readings, the text-critic must make a judicious selection. It is to be regretted, however, that Lattey did not utilize the monumental work of Wutz, whose advice was privately sought by both Kittel Sr. and Gunkel for the reconstruction of some difficult texts.

In thirteen Psalms, mentioned by Father McClellan in the *Catholic Biblical Quarterly* (April and July, 1939) for peculiarities found in the Latin Psalter and examined by the reviewer, it has been carefully noted that Lattey rather consistently follows a metrical or accentual scheme and considers this as fundamental as parallelism. This, however, is still questionable. An attitude of reserve and caution must be taken in regard to metrical accentuation, since a faultless arrangement of metres in the present Hebrew text cannot be expected and a textual reconstruction will at times be largely dependent upon subjective considerations. A few examples found in this translation will suffice to bear out this point. Because of metrical reasons there is (a) a rearrangement of the text; v.g. IV.7-8; V.4 etc.; (b) an omission of a word, phrase or sentence; v.g. IV.9; XVIII.7^{d}.12^{a}, 29^{a}.36; XXVII.6^{cd}.13; XXIX.9^{c} etc.; (c) an addition of a word or phrase;

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

v.g.XXII.32[c]; XXIX.9[b]. Besides a careful comparison between Lattey and Zorell (Psalterium ex Hebraeo Latinum) shows that they are not always in perfect agreement relative to the number of beats or stresses in the *stichos*. JOHN E. STEINMUELLER.

In the Steps of Saint Francis, by Ernest Raymond. New York: H. C. Kinsey and Company. $2.50.

IN A FOREWORD to this delightful contribution to Franciscan literature, the author, who, after his ordination as a Protestant minister, was attached to the 10th Manchester and the 9th Worcester Regiments, and served in France, Gallipoli and the Near East, disclaims having read all of the works mentioned in its bibliography. One suspects that he has more than a passing acquaintance with most of them, however, for, although he culled from the chronicles of Bonaventura and Thomas of Celano, "The Three Companions," the "Speculum Perfectionis" and the "Fioretti" every biographical incident in the book, he knows well the writings of Father Cuthbert, Father Paschal Robinson, Jörgensen and Sabatier. That he seldom quotes the latter is natural, for he sees, as Sabatier could not, that Francis "was most anxious to be an obedient son of the Church," and, furthermore, that he was.

When reading the volume, nostalgia creeps over one familiar with Umbria and Tuscany, for here are the blue mountains and valleys and winding silver roads, the friendly peasants, the oxen, white because watered at Clitumnus, the roadside scabious and wild cyclamen, the cypresses, olive trees, oaks and beeches that one remembers; the author has seen them wherever Francis was, at San Damiano, Rivo Torto, the Carceri, the Portiuncula, Isola Maggiore, Fonte Colombo, Rieti, Greccio and La Verna. He has followed Francis from Assisi to Perugia, Spoleto, Rome, Rimini, Montefeltro and Venice, to Damietta, Jerusalem and Acre. And, following, he has wondered more what Francis thought and felt than what he did. He never forgets that Francis was a Catholic mystic, and suggests that the mystical experience known as "the dark night of the soul" was suffered at just the season of the dissension among the friars that so troubled the saint. His careful, reverent passage on the stigmata is led up to by a quotation from Saint John of the Cross, "En Una Noche Oscura"—a fitting introduction.

One feels that this was meant to be a book of travel, but that Francis stole the story, for surely it is far more of a biography than many that are called "Lives." He is ever present in his mirth and pain, soldier, troubadour and saint. The characterizations of his earliest companions are vivid, too, and sympathetic: faithful Bernard, strong Masseo, gentle Leo, the *pecorello di Dio*, Lady Clare, Bishop Guido of Assisi, Pope Innocent III, Cardinal Ugolino and the unfortunate Brother Elias.

In October, 1937, Mr. Raymond followed Saint Francis along the Via Dolorosa in Jerusalem. A sister of the Convent of Notre Dame de Sion, acting as his guide to the traditional site of Pilate's tribunal, asked him what he thought of our Lord. He told her as best he could, and mentioned that he was trying to write a book on Francis of Assisi, adding that the Little Poor Man's life had been a revelation to him of Christ's own. The sister looked at a mosaic of our Lord, placed where He is thought to have lifted His cross, then she turned and asked, "Would you mind if I knelt down here and prayed for the success of your book?" Then and there, she dropped to her knees. DAISY H. MOSELEY.

A HOLY WAR

is being waged by devoted missionaries against sickness and sinfulness, here in home missions as well as in the field afar. The Catholic Medical Mission Board aids many needy missions which plead constantly for more help and cooperation. For seven dollars we can send 10,000 5 gr. aspirin tablets to the missions. Any donation, however small, can be used to purchase medical supplies for the needy. A gift of $30 will enable you to give to the missions a general operating kit of surgical instruments. A donation of $60 will secure for the missions a set of instruments for eye operations. Address The Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J., 8 and 10 West 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

Receive Your War News From Firsthand Uncensored Sources

BARONESS DE HUECK

just back from the War Zones has a remarkable story to tell. . . .

Here in America There is No More Fascinating Subject Than the Theatre

GRENVILLE VERNON

is an outstanding Dramatic Critic

For available lecture dates for these speakers and 25 of the other best Catholic lecturers, write

the lecture league 415 Lexington Ave. New York City

For Your Information

THE COMMONWEAL, editorially, gives you a clear, honest appraisal of current news, books, plays and movies. Its advertising columns, likewise, present the news of reliable advertisers, who are ready to serve you to your own satisfaction. It will pay you to read their announcements.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY—GIRLS' SCHOOLS

SETON HILL COLLEGE

Greensburg, Pennsylvania

Degrees: B. A., B. Music, B. S. in Home Economics

Pre-Medicine, Pre-Law, Teacher Training, Social Service

Junior Year Abroad **Honors Courses**

Accredited by The Association of American Universities
Holds national membership in
The American Association of University Women

Women from 11 foreign countries and 37 American States.

ROSEMONT COLLEGE

ROSEMONT, PA.

Catholic College for the Higher Education of Women conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus.

Incorporated under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania with power to confer Degrees in Arts and Science.

For resident and non-resident students. Situated eleven miles from Philadelphia on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Fully accredited *Junior Year Abroad*

Telephone Bryn Mawr 14

Address REGISTRAR

COLLEGE OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT

ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Resident and Day Students

Courses in Arts and Sciences
Teacher and Secretarial Training
Degrees A. B. and B. S.

Extensive campus bordering on Hudson River

ACADEMY MOUNT ST. VINCENT

Senior, Junior High School and Elementary Department

Write for Prospectus

Time to Order

THE COMMONWEAL

For Your Classes

Classroom rates are only 5c per copy for group orders of ten or more with a free copy for the instructor included. Postpaid. Address Miss E. M. Brady, The Commonweal, 386 Fourth Ave., New York.

THE COMMONWEAL is particularly recommended for classes, study clubs and seminars in modern social problems, current events, etc.

'The Commonweal has become by far the best and most stimulating Catholic weekly in English.'—Blackfriars.

The Inner Forum

THE NINTH Biennial Convention of the National Catholic Alumni Federation is to be held in New York starting Wednesday afternoon, October 25, with headquarters in the Pennsylvania Hotel. That evening at eight there will be a reception to the representative of the Archbishop of New York at which the President of Fordham University, Father Robert I. Gannon, S.J., will speak on the theme of the convention—man and modern secularism: the conflict of the two cultures considered especially with relation to education. Prof. Ross Hoffman of the same university will also speak.

The real opening of the convention will take place on Thursday morning with a solemn pontifical Mass of the Holy Ghost, celebrated in the presence of Archbishop Spellman by Bishop Kearney of Rochester, assisted by the Presidents of Notre Dame and Fordham and the Dean of St. John's University, Brooklyn.

The rest of Thursday, Friday and Saturday morning will be dedicated to development of the theme of the convention in terms of prepared speeches and open discussion. Speakers and discussion leaders are too numerous to mention here in full; only the principal speaker is given in each case. Thursday after the Mass: "Religion in the Making of America," Rev. Richard Gabel of De Sales College, Toledo; 2 p.m.: "Secularism and the Un-Making of America," Rev. Geoffrey O'Connell, summer school, Catholic University, and Dr. Robert C. Pollock, Fordham; 8 p.m. (public meeting): "The Real Threat to American Liberty," Thomas F. Woodlock, the *Wall Street Journal;* Friday at 10 a.m.: "Religion and the Re-Making of America," Rev. Robert J. Slaven, O.P., Catholic University, and Prof. Louis J. A. Mercier, Harvard University; 2 p.m.: "The Return to American Higher Catholic Education of the Formal Teaching of Theology as a Science," Rev. Gerald Phelan, University of Toronto, and Rev. Francis Connell, C.SS.R., Esopus; 6.30 p.m. (dinner): "Intellectual Conflict as the Source of Moral Disorder," Paul McGuire, Australia, and "The Emancipation of Modern Man through Ancient Truth," Rev. Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., Georgetown; Saturday, 9 a.m.: "The Contribution of the Parochial Schools to Public Education," Rev. George Johnson, N.C.W.C., and "Catholic Action in Catholic Colleges," Paul McGuire.

CONTRIBUTORS

Catherine de HUECK is the founder of "friendship houses" in Toronto, Ottawa and Hamilton in Canada and in Harlem, New York.

Alice CURTAYNE is the author of "Saint Catherine of Siena." "A Recall to Dante" and other books.

Robert P. Tristram COFFIN is a Maine poet whose last volume is "Collected Poems."

Cleland van DRESSER is a journalist who has worked in California, Florida and Washington, D. C.

Barry BYRNE is an architect and critic who has specialized in ecclesiastical and residential architecture, principally in Chicago. He now practices in New York.

Frances Taylor PATTERSON is a New York poet and author.

Kathleen COYLE is a Brooklyn student of American history.

Boris Erich NELSON is an exile from Germany and a reviewer of books on contemporary history in many American newspapers and periodicals.

Francis DOWNING is a member of the department of history in the Fordham Graduate School.

Rev. John E. STEINMUELLER is a member of the faculty of the Seminary of the Immaculate Seminary, Huntington, N. Y.

Daisy H. MOSELEY is author of "Sunshine and Saints" and contributes articles to the *Catholic World* and other periodicals.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED